FORD TIMES

JUNE 1977



Why Fish Won't Bite



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FORD TIMES

The Ford Owner's Magazine

June 1977, Vol. 70, No. 6

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CONTENTS:

2 **We Begin Our 75th Year**
Henry Ford II

3 **Fort Benton, Montana: Chicago of the Plains**
Dorothy M. Johnson

8 **Float Camping**
Elaine Ford

13 **Rosemary Is for Flavor and Health**
Marion Benasutti

16 **Ford Granada vs. Mercedes-Benz**
Edward A. Robeson

19 **Fishing Alibis and White Horses**
Edwin P. Hicks

24 **Modern-Day Noah**
Dolly Connelly

27 **A Model T Named "IT"**
John Steinbeck

32 **Maverick—The Family Compact That Puts First Things First**
Michael E. Maattala

36 **Osawatomie**
R. Scott Roberts

43 **The Men, The Swan and The Lamb**
Al Stark

48 **Taking the "Rough" Out of Roughing It**
Nancy Kennedy

56 **At the Beach**
Mary Augusta Rodgers

61 **Who Says a Museum Can't Be Lively?**
Stephen Hammer

40 Van Conversion of the Month

42 New Contest for Cruising Van Owners

52 Favorite Recipes from Famous Restaurants

Cover: The signs have to be just right if the fish are to bite, says Edwin P. Hicks. Story begins on page 19. Painting by Randall McKissick.

We Begin Our 75th Year



by Henry Ford II

FORD MOTOR COMPANY begins its 75th year on June 16. It is a milestone that should not pass unnoticed if we are to learn from the past to improve the future.

When my grandfather founded Ford Motor Company on June 16, 1903, he had a primary purpose in mind. As a farm boy he knew from first-hand experience that farming could be backbreaking work and he knew that machinery could ease the burden. He saw the automobile as a piece of machinery. He envisioned the car, not as a luxury vehicle for the rich, but as a means for the average man to make his life—and his family's—easier and happier.

It soon became apparent that the car not only would ease man's burden, but that it also would enable him to enjoy a fuller life. Almost from the beginning it did just that. With new leisure time, people began to take motor trips. Our country unfolded just beyond the windshield—Yellowstone, the coast of Maine, the shores of the Pacific, the prairies of Kansas, the palms of Florida, all became accessible in a way that was not possible before.

I am especially proud of the fact that Ford Motor Company, the oldest automobile company in the United States, helped lead the way. And although we have grown from a very small company to a multinational enterprise that serves millions of customers throughout the United States and in 185 overseas markets, we at Ford will be re-dedicating ourselves this 75th year to the principles upon which our company was founded.

We are creating and building the best products in our history right now—and they are backed by a worldwide dealer organization dedicated to good service and customer satisfaction. In fact, some of our dealerships have been in business as long as we have, and we are proud to share this milestone with them—and with you, our customers and friends. □

by Dorothy M. Johnson
paintings by James Dew

CHICAGO OF THE PLAINS:

Fort Benton, Montana

ONCE IN Fort Benton I called on my friend Joel F. Overholser by appointment. He met me at the door, waving a rusty saber blade. After calming me down, he explained that someone had just dug it up in that historic little town. Recently I wrote to warn him that I was coming again—armed with a .41 caliber double-barreled derringer. He replied that the Fort Benton museum has a mountain howitzer that would out-range it, so I went unarmed. The first two people I saw when I parked my car there were total strangers who smiled and said, "Good morning." That's the kind of town it is.

Started in 1846 as a fur-trading post doing a risky business with suspicious Blackfeet Indians, Fort Benton is the oldest town in Montana. The weekly *River Press*, established in 1880, has been published by the Overholser family for 60 years. The town (population 1,863) is a well-polished antique, beloved by many generations, with a high percentage of residents who are fascinated by its tumultuous history.

Fort Benton is on U.S. 87,



between Havre (pronounced Haver) and Great Falls. It is also on the Missouri River, which was the reason it didn't fade away with the fur trade. By planning ahead, visitors can arrange to ride down the river in comfortable power boats and see about 35 miles of spectacular, unspoiled scenery for a day or as much as 150 miles on a four-day camping trip. For details, write well in advance to Upper Missouri Wilderness Waterway Cruise Co., Box 724, or Bob Singer, Missouri River Cruises, both in Fort Benton 59442. But don't just drop in for a scenic boatride. They aren't regularly scheduled.

First tourists came in June

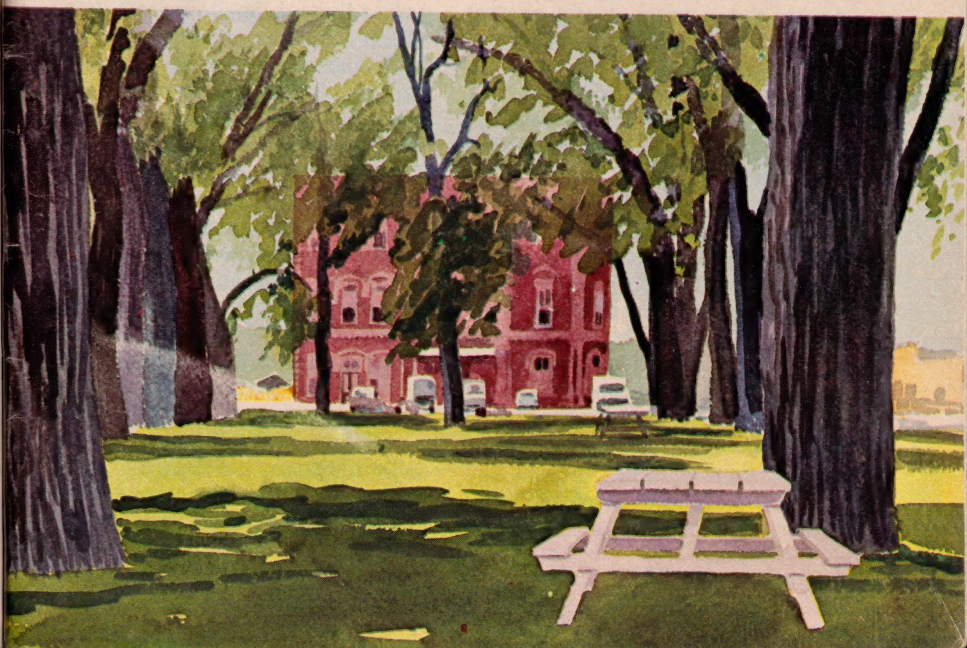
The first tourists came in June 1805, and a courageous lot they were: the official Corps of Discovery, sent by President Thomas Jefferson to explore the Missouri and its main tributaries and to find a commercial waterway to the Pacific if there was one. The Lewis and Clark Expedition found no Northwest Passage, but they reached the Pacific and returned safe and sound to St. Louis in 1806.

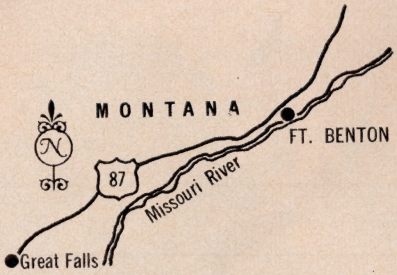
In June 1976, a splendid Lewis and Clark Memorial bronze statue of heroic size was dedicated in Fort Benton with great and proper fanfare. It is the work of the famed Western sculptor, Bob Scriver, of Browning, Montana. The two captains peer into the wilderness, trying to decide which of two rivers is the main stream. Sacajawea, the Shoshone Indian girl, is with them, her chubby baby asleep in a shawl slung on her back. Always sensible, she has seized the opportunity to take a load off her moccasins and is sitting down.

The monument commemorates an important incident that took place a few miles downstream. Two wide rivers join there. The captains had to decide which fork was the Missouri. If they committed themselves to the one that did not start in the Rocky Mountains and then had to turn back, they would lose so much time that the whole expedition might fail. They sent men to explore both; they explored personally. They climbed a little hill and took a good look. Then they decided—correctly—which stream was the Missouri. Lewis named the other one Maria's (now Marias) River, for a girl back home.

The monument cost taxpayers nothing. The town is blessed with an organization known as the Fort Benton C.I.A. In these parts, the initials stand for Community Improvement Association. Members are ingenious, decisive and forceful; they could probably put the nation's floundering big cities back on an even keel if Fort Benton hadn't already claimed their affections. Legislation favoring a state Lewis and Clark Memorial on the levee had existed since 1929, but no funds were available to build one. In 1973 the C.I.A. appointed a committee


JAMES DEW





to serve as a state commission. It selected Scriver as sculptor and set about funding the memorial—a project that certainly couldn't be accomplished by cookie sales.

Scriver made scale models of the statue and of each figure in it. Limited editions were cast. Dealers, galleries and collectors snapped them up. Small models sold at $3,000; quarter-sized models were $5,500. Both are now worth almost double those prices. I saw one set of the three single figures still available at $11,000.

This project raised over $400,000. About 20 per cent of it was left when all the bills were paid. The Fort Benton C.I.A. will figure out some good way to use it to benefit the community.

Right after the dedication of the statue, construction began on a 68-apartment retirement home, Sunrise Bluff Estates. The late Mr. and Mrs. Homer Shepherd bequeathed $140,000 for this purpose, and the ubiquitous C.I.A. arranged for a long-term low-interest loan of more than $1 million.

The Fort Benton C.I.A. sponsors a fine little museum (opened in 1958) in Old Fort Park. It has informative dioramas, frontier relics (including that mountain howitzer) and a stuffed buffalo. A current project is the restoration and furnishing of the old I. G. Baker house of logs and adobe brick. It looks modest now, but on the frontier in 1867 it was a palace. The interior shows how a rich man's family lived in the wilderness.

Every fur-trading post was a fort. This one also was a military fort briefly in the 1860s. Remnants of the fort, with excellent informative signs, are in Old Fort Park with the museum, shade trees, picnic tables and a big new swimming pool.

Busy Fort Benton earned the name "Chicago of the Plains." It was the head of navigation on the great Missouri. Shallow-draft stern-wheel mountain steamboats from St. Louis could get there in the spring, bringing freight and passengers—if the water stayed deep enough and the pilots were lucky as well as skillful. Early Montana shipped out just two products, furs (including buffalo hides) and gold, tons of it. Almost everything else had to be shipped in. Although the journey up river against the current was dangerous and tedious, a steamboat on the Missouri was a better conveyance than an ox-drawn covered wagon on the Oregon Trail.

To and from Fort Benton plodded oxen and mules hauling heavily loaded wagons for a vast frontier

that included what is now Montana, parts of Idaho and northern Wyoming, and Alberta to the north.

The busy little town on the Missouri was also the beginning of the Whoop-up Trail, which carried a large, profitable and illegal traffic in rot-gut whiskey into Alberta to be traded to thirsty Indians for valuable furs. Fort Benton became the source of supplies for Canada's Northwest Mounted Police, who stopped the whiskey traffic.

Fort Benton was a ring-tailed roarer! No wonder its mile-long levee was crowded in the summer with steamboats hastily unloading and loading again to start back to St. Louis while the treacherous river was still deep enough to carry them. The levee is now a park.

Steamboat traffic up to Fort Benton on the tricky river began in 1858. The record year—60 arrivals—was 1878. A railroad reached the port in 1887, and after that the Missouri wasn't important any more for transportation.

Many towns died when their primary reason for existence did, but Fort Benton became a big cattle shipping center, then later included a wool warehouse. (Montana never had any big sheepmen vs. cattlemen wars.) Homesteading followed, but many small farmers starved out. Now the land, scientifically strip-farmed, produces lots of wheat (depending on the weather) in what was once considered part of the Great American Desert.

There's a strange monument in Fort Benton, the profile of a part-collie dog on a hill near the railroad depot. It marks the grave of Shep, whose master's body, in a casket, was loaded onto a train there in August 1936. For the rest of his life, 5½ years, Shep met every train, expecting his master to come back. He refused to be adopted but dug himself a nest under the depot. Station personnel and dining car stewards fed him. On January 12, 1942, he slipped on the snowy rails as a train started to move and was run over. Hundreds attended his funeral. Shep was world-famous when he died, because his love and loyalty had never wavered.

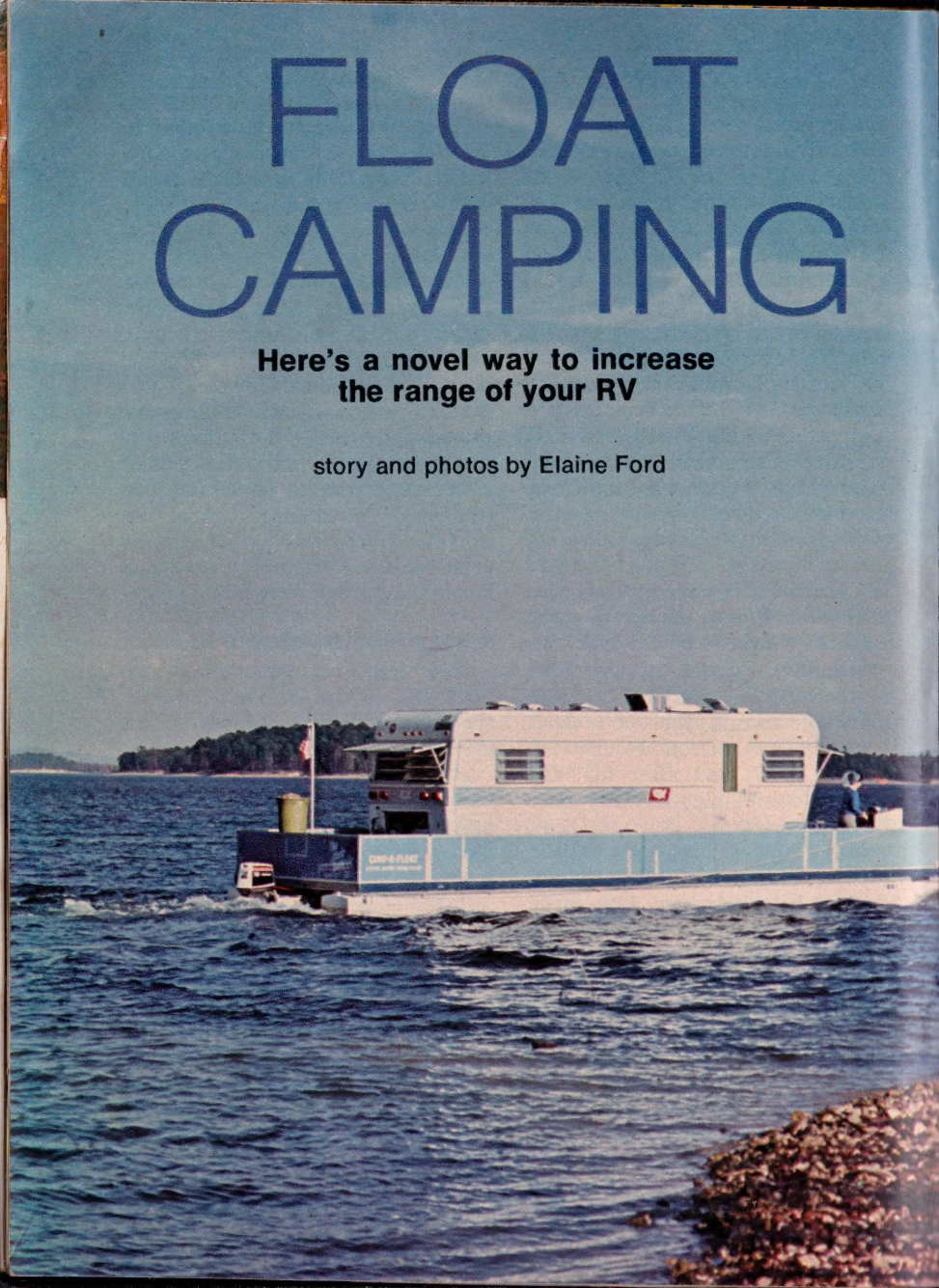
Reserve space in advance

Overnight accommodations in Fort Benton are limited. Reserve space in advance, because towns are far apart. The Fort Motel has 11 units, but they fill up when the combine crews come for wheat harvest. The three-story Grand Union Hotel, opened in 1882, is a registered National Historic Site, refurbished and modernized, with much of its antique furniture (like marble-topped dressers) still in use. (There was nothing antique about the good mattresses and springs on the handsome brass beds in my room.) Most tourists at least drop in to see the lobby and its pictures. The Grand Union is right by the river and easy to find—it's the tallest building in town. □

FLOAT CAMPING

Here's a novel way to increase the range of your RV

story and photos by Elaine Ford



THE development of the recreation vehicle has probably done more for family camping than anything else in the past 20 years, but there has been one drawback. Its convenience stops at the water's edge.

Or did. Now RV owners don't have to settle for a narrow space in a crowded campsite with their neighbor's charcoal smoke coming through the window. Instead of stopping where the land stops, they can drive their vehicles right onto a boat and go float camping.

Float camping is the brain-child of Dick Reed of Rockford, Illinois, who got to thinking several years ago, "Wouldn't it be wonderful if we could just drive the trailer onto a boat and take off? Have our own houseboat, so to speak, to cruise around the lake as we want, and at much less cost."

He was not the first to have such a dream, but he was the first to do something about it. Instead of wasting his time in wishing, Dick hired a firm of marine architects to design a boat that would carry the weight of an RV and yet have the stability, ruggedness, ease of handling and safety features needed for use by family campers with little or no boating skill.



The result was the Camp-A-Float, a five-ton cruiser built on 40-foot twin steel pontoons connected by steel beams, which a recreation vehicle owner can rent and convert to a houseboat merely by driving his vehicle aboard and lashing it down.

The cruiser is powered by an outboard marine engine controlled from a forward helm stand. It steers just like a car and anyone can handle it after a brief check-out. With 55 gallons of onboard gasoline you can cruise for up to 20 hours at speeds up to 12 miles per hour.

Actually, you won't want to do that much cruising. You'll be finding beautiful spots to moor the boat while you fish, swim, or go ashore to hunt, cook, bird watch, or whatever takes your fancy.

Float camping is currently available on Lake Ouachita in western Arkansas and Lake Hartwell in Georgia. Since Ouachita is close to my home in Tulsa, I drove there to meet my friend Sheila Link from New Jersey for a week's hunting, fishing and float camping.

Lake Ouachita is ideal for this purpose. Its 48,000 surface acres and 1,000 miles of shoreline are totally within the Ouachita National Forest and are preserved in a wilderness state.

The lake is deep and remarkably unpolluted. In autumn the trees covering the mountains and islands turn to a flamboyant tapestry with every color in the painter's palette. The air is pure and crisp, scented with pine and cedar and the myriad fragrances of woods, berries and wild flowers. In the evenings the sound of migrating waterfowl can be heard overhead.

When you arrive at the float camping base at Crystal Springs, the site manager will drive your vehicle on board the cruiser and fasten it down with a system of mechanical attachments that bolt through access holes in the deck to the steel substructure.

Top weight is 9,000 pounds

Any type or size of recreation vehicle up to 27 feet long can be accommodated, with a top total weight—passengers and all—of 9,000 pounds. The better equipped and self-contained your vehicle is, the more luxurious your float camping trip will be. But smaller vehicles leave more space for on-deck activities.

If your vehicle is self-contained, it is hooked up to the cruiser's 60-gallon water supply and holding tank, and presto! You have a houseboat.

Once your vehicle is loaded, the cruiser is lowered down inclined railroad tracks into the water with the help of a winch. The site manager then checks you out on all the facilities available and gives you as much instruction in the operation of the cruiser as you feel you need, including how to beach and moor it.



Then you're on your own, free to go anywhere you like on the lake, for as long as you like. You can tow a small boat for fishing the stump beds or trolling off the points, although you can also troll off the cruiser itself. It's advisable to carry a transistor radio for listening to weather reports, and binoculars are a help for reading the signs on the numbered points. By consulting a map atop the helm stand on the cruiser and watching for the numbered points, it's very easy to find your way around.

The Ouachita area abounds with wildlife; we saw many ducks, coots and mudhens on the water. Duck hunting is excellent in this area. Trolling off the points one evening, we saw a doe come bounding along the bank before heading up into the woods. Later, returning to the cruiser, we heard a crashing in the underbrush and I grabbed my camera for what I thought would be a close shot of a deer as it came out of the woods. What emerged was an armadillo, which took off in a hurry at the sight of us.

Besides being on the water, one of the distinct advantages of float camping is that you can enjoy a different campsite every night if you wish, all of them miles apart, without having to break camp. If you are hunting, you can moor your floating camp in a sheltered cove right off the woods you plan to hunt the next morning.

Bob Long, a Crystal Springs dock operator who is also an experienced hunting guide familiar with the Ouachitas, was to meet us at a designated cove and take Sheila turkey hunting. After inching his small boat through the pre-dawn fog, he was glad to climb aboard the cruiser into a warm, lighted trailer and have a cup of hot coffee before heading up the steep wooded ridge to a turkey stand.

While Sheila and Bob hunted, I went fishing with the site manager, Jon Adams. Ouachita is full of game fish of every variety except northern pike and muskellunge. Although the fish had gone deep because of unseasonably warm weather, we were able to catch some nice white and black bass to five pounds by spoon jigging in 50 to 60 feet of water.

Home base always close-by

A great advantage of float camping is being able to reach home base quickly, without a long, chilling ride or hike in the fast-gathering dark. You can be aboard within 15 minutes to a half hour after bagging your game or fish and have it sizzling on the stove for supper while it's still fresh.

In summer, float camping can be even more delightful for young and old alike. You can sit on deck and watch the sunset while the coals get hot in your charcoal broiler, or have a cooling swim anywhere in the lake, with your deck as a handy diving platform. Deck chairs, life jackets and a swimming ladder are standard equipment.

You can always find a breeze and a beautiful setting on Lake Ouachita. Sunsets over the water are spectacular, and even when shore resorts are crowded, your floating camp will take you to a secluded spot.

For those who aren't hunters or fishermen, you can stop at attractive islands or points to explore the woods, gather the quartz crystals which lie around in chunks on the ground, or watch birds and other wildlife.

Walk into the woods and you are alone in the wilderness, yet with a few minutes' walk, you have every comfort and convenience of your recreation vehicle. Your evening meal will be cooked on a gas stove or charcoal broiler. Your drink will have ice in it. You can ease your tired muscles with a hot bath and sleep on a real mattress.

Even the softest of city-bred tenderfeet can enjoy the outdoors this way, and give his children the exciting and wholesome experience of living close to nature. The cost of float camping is within the means of any average family and is actually less, including food and gasoline, than one would pay for a stay of the same duration in a lake resort or hotel. And it is so much more exciting and rewarding! Truly, if you are going camping, this is the way to go! □



ROSEMARY IS FOR FLAVOR AND HEALTH

No other herb has so many legends and uses

THE HERB rosemary is associated with innumerable legends and traditions and is put to a hundred uses. Indeed, "smell of it and it shall keep thee youngly."

It is the herb of friendship and fidelity. The English word means Rose of Mary. An old legend tells of the flowers being white until the flight into Egypt where Mary spread her Child's clothes to dry on a bush of rosemary and the flowers were forever after blue. This fragrant herb can be planted, tended and dried indoors as well as out.

Although it was the immortal Bard who penned the immortal words "There's Rosemary, that's for remembrance . . .," rosemary dates from long before Shakespeare.

An early classic author has said: "Rosemarie is a remedie against the stuffing of the head, that commeth through coldness of the braine, if a garland thereof be put about the head."

by Marion Benasutti

illustrations by Susan Naughton



Greek students used to twine rosemary in their hair when studying for examination as an aid to memory.

While rosemary is indeed "for remembrance," it has other delightful uses. An ancient herb, rich in legend and history, rosemary is considered the herb of Christmas, weddings, funerals and love.

As a seasoning, it is used in preparing meats, fish, poultry, soups, salads, vegetables, in biscuits and dumplings, eggs and appetizers.

Rosemary also was burned as an incense, used as a strewing herb for its pungent perfume and ability to discourage insects, braided into garlands and carried as a protection against witchcraft.

For centuries rosemary has been used medicinally and is still used in shampoos and cosmetic products. To make a good hair rinse, simmer a small bag of rosemary in two quarts of rainwater for half an hour. Or use it in your bath to relax nerves and tired muscles. You may also have rosemary tea by steeping one teaspoon per cup of boiling water for five minutes.

This haunting herb of yesteryear lives on in the kitchens of herb lovers everywhere. A pinch of dried rosemary adds flavor to biscuit dough, dumplings, eggplant, chicken, potatoes about to be baked in a glass dish, pork chops, and spring lamb.

Izaak Walton submits: "Cook fish with a handful of horseradish, a handsome faggot of Rosemary, some Thyme and a Sprig of Savory."

You also may add rosemary to a concoction known as "Four Thieves Vinegar," a brew which was made and used by four famous French thieves in the Middle Ages, who rubbed it on their bodies to protect themselves from getting the plague while they were plundering the houses of victims in an epidemic.

In Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania, there is a delightful little specialty shop dedicated to flavors and fragrances called Rosemary House. It is an enchanting place, full of lovely smells and unexpected pleasures. Along with the "gift of kings"—frankincense and myrrh—you will find rosemary soap, rosemary potholders, rosemary towels, rosemary aprons and the specialty of the house, a do-it-yourself kit for potpourri containing pressed flowers and ferns, ground spices, scented herb leaves, essential oil, ground or-

ris root and stick cinnamon.

At Rosemary House the staff will be happy to tie up for you at no extra charge a lovely little bridal gift which consists of three pamphlets: "Potpourri, Recipes and Crafts," "Folk Medicine Plants Used in Pennsylvania Dutch Country" and "Flavors and Savors" from the New England Unit of the Herb Society of America. The pamphlets deal with flavors, medicinal lore and fragrances.

The latch-string is always out on the garden gate at Rosemary House and there are scissors hanging nearby for snipping a fragrant nosegay of herbs, home-grown in a delightful 18th-century herb garden.

Also on the loaded shelves you will find darling note pads called "Rosemary for Remembrance" on which you can scribble some of the recipes for which this house is becoming famous.

Oh yes, if you want to make the liniment of the medieval thieves, or, if you are interested in trying a unique salad dressing, here is the shop's antique recipe for

FOUR THIEVES VINEGAR

¾ cup mint leaves
¼ cup rosemary leaves
2 tablespoons sage
½ oz. each cloves, cinnamon, pepper, allspice, mustard seed
1 tablespoon rue
1 tablespoon salt
2 cloves garlic
2 tablespoons tarragon
1 bay leaf (dried)

All leaves are green except the bay. Combine all ingredients, then add 1 quart red wine vinegar, heated. Place in a covered jar and let stand two weeks—roll gently each day. Strain through double thickness of cheesecloth. Filter paper may be used. Bottle in sterilized pint jars. May be kept indefinitely and diluted, if you wish. □

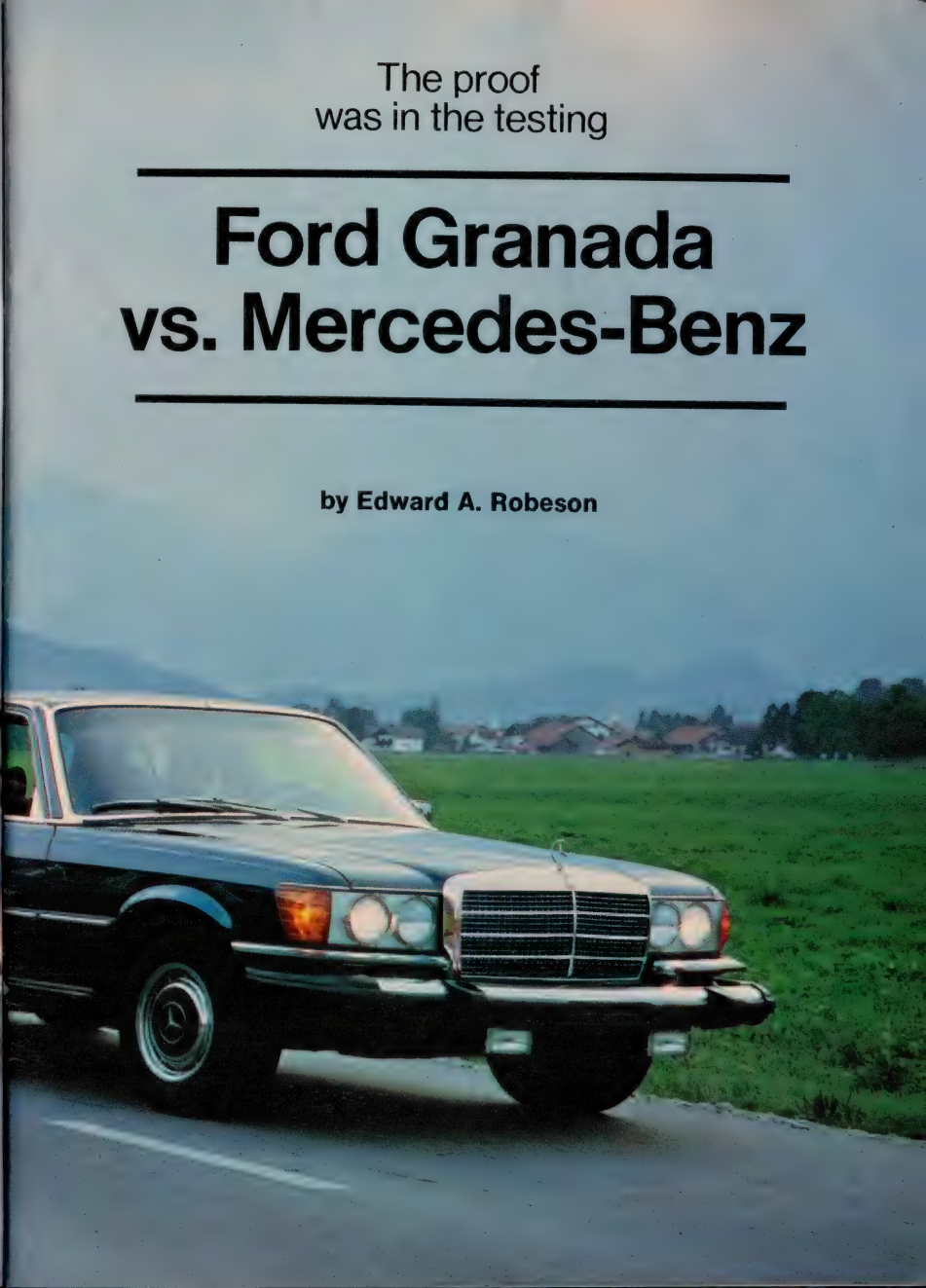




The proof
was in the testing

Ford Granada vs. Mercedes-Benz

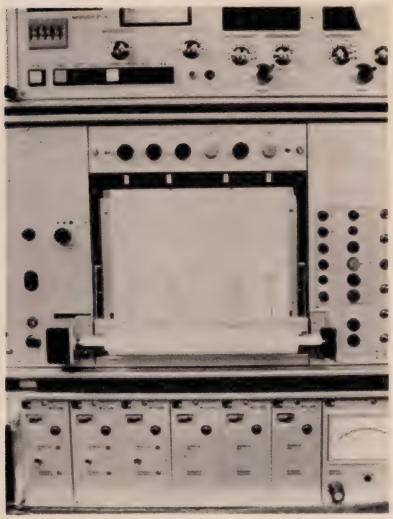
by Edward A. Robeson



FORD GRANADA, designed to be a functional car, gives you the classic styling, comfort and aspects of ride smoothness found in some of the world's finest cars. It often is confused with cars costing many times more.

For 1977, a new Granada was taken to Germany for a scientific ride comparison with a Mercedes-Benz 450 SE. The Granada, with a suggested retail price about one-fifth the U.S. sticker price of the Mercedes-Benz, was a standard production car equipped with an optional 250-CID engine ($122) and automatic transmission ($186). The testing was conducted by an independent German engineering firm.

To test for riding smoothness, the German engineers drove the Granada and Mercedes at various speeds over a variety of roads in northern Germany, ranging from cobblestone to smooth highway. Using a sensitive electronic recorder, they measured interior vibration levels in both cars.



A thorough analysis of the engineers' data showed that in three out of the four test conditions there were "no major differences" in smoothness between the Granada and the Mercedes.

In the next series of tests the cars were evaluated for "quietness" of ride. Again, they were compared over a variety of road surfaces in the north and south of Germany at speeds ranging from 30 to 55 miles per hour. A sound meter recorded their interior decibel levels on the International dBA scale. The test data were then sorted by computer.

Analysis of the data from this series showed that in all the tests the Ford Granada consistently rode as quietly as the Mercedes-Benz.

Base manufacturer's suggested retail price of the Granada begins at a modest $3,960* for the two-door, $4,038* for the four-door.

If you prefer an extra accent on luxury, the Granada Ghia should suit perfectly at $4,390* for the base two-door and $4,468* for the base four-door. The Granada pictured here has optional white-sidewall tires ($37). □

**Excluding taxes, title, destination charges.*

FISHING ALIBIS
AND WHITE HORSES

Anglers live in a world of pleasant—but endless— excuses





by Edwin P. Hicks
illustrations by Randall McKissick

WE WERE driving along a country road.

"Zip!" cried my companion.

"What do you mean zip?" I said. "I *am* zipped."

"See that white horse out there in the field? Whenever you see a white horse when you're going fishing you say 'zip,' and if you say it first that means you're going to catch a fish. The more zips, the more fish you will catch. It never fails."

The early morning light was interlaced here and there with fog. We hadn't gone more than a quarter of a mile until I shouted "Zip!" and pointed.

"No, no," said my buddy. "That's not a horse, it's a white cow. That means you lose a fish you hook. Only horses count—no pigs, no cows, no goats. Just horses can be zipped. That's the rule."

My companion this morning was several years older than I. "Used to be," I said, "when I was growing up and driving along the road with my date, I got to kiss her every time I saw a white horse."

He nodded. "Yep. And I never told her that white cows and pigs and goats didn't count. I even counted white geese and chickens, and a few tombstones. A rule is a rule you know. One girl I used to date a lot somehow managed to get away from home every wash day. We used to count the white sheets and towels and pillow slips and even long johns hanging on the line."

A little farther on he said, "Looks like we are going to have a fine day."

"See more white horses?" I hurriedly scouted both sides of the road.

"Naw. Look at the cattle. They are all up and grazing instead of sleeping. That means fish are biting too."

This sounded plausible to me, up to a point.

"Never fails," he assured me.

And then he went further. If it so happens that you zip a lot of white horses while going fishing, and also if there are hundreds of cattle feeding along the route, and you come out empty-handed at the end of the day, he explained, this doesn't necessarily mean that these things are wrong. Not at all! It merely means that there are counter conditions working against the charm of white horses duly zipped and herds of grazing cattle.

What are these counter conditions that affect fishing adversely despite the hungry cattle and white horses? The full of the moon, the direction of the wind, the position of the signs of the Zodiac, etc. Any seasoned angler will tell you that fish don't bite when the moon is full. Or the Zodiac sign may be way down in the feet instead of in the head, when fish bite the best.

Or the tiny drawings of fish on some sportsmen's calendars may be all white. Good fishing days show this fish all dark, and on so-so days the fish will be half dark.

Again the wind may be from the north or the east. Any fisherman worth his favorite lure knows that: *Wind from the north, no skillful fisherman doth go forth; Wind from the east, fish bite the least; Wind from the south, blows the bait in fish's mouth; Wind from the west, 'tis the very best.*

So, when you go fishing and fail to catch fish, the wind most likely is coming from the north or east. Or maybe there was a bright, full moon the night before. Or perhaps the goldfish at home were sleeping at the bottom of the bowl instead of cruising around eagerly waiting for you to drop in food.

Look for insects

Look closely at the insect life along the banks of a lake or stream. If the spiders and bugs and other crawly things are right down next the water's edge, fish just aren't hitting. Remember that glorious day when you got so many strikes you were afraid even to stick your finger over the side of the boat for fear a ferocious bass, pike, or crappie would take it off? If you had cruised close to the bank that day you would have observed that the spiders and bugs were two feet or more up on the logs and undergrowth from the water's surface. They don't like to be bitten either.

On a just so-so fishing day, did you cast over into the water's edge just beneath that redwing blackbird perched on a briar limb? You should have! Redwing blackbirds have directed many a happy fisherman to a big bass in the shallows.

There are a lot of alibis an experienced fisherman can use to save face. It was too foggy in the early morning. Water too high. Water too low. Water too muddy. Water too clear—the fish see you before you see them. The fish are spawning. The fish are not spawning yet. The fish aren't feeding—or you got there right after their feeding spree had ended. The water is too hot for fish to bite. The water is too cold. Fish are down on the bottom and asleep. Catfish have been raiding the bass nests, and that's why they aren't striking.

The Gulf hurricane has stopped fish from biting. It will be two or three days before they start hitting again. Darn it, we should have been here last week! A good rain is needed for fish to bite. Fish won't bite when it's thundering. Fish won't bite when you're talking. You failed to spit on your bait. Fish are color blind. That's the wrong color lure. Your body odor on the lure turns fish away, you need to use gloves. There's gasoline and motor oil on your gloves; no wonder you're not getting strikes. The fish in this lake bite at night only. We should have stopped and got some minnows. The



algae have killed all the fish in this lake. When martins and other birds are flying that low over the water fish aren't hitting.

Run all these things through your player piano, and a thousand more excuses for coming home empty-handed from a fishing excursion, and you still haven't exhausted all the alibis of an angler. Signs and superstitions have as much a part with the average fisherman as casting skill and know-how.

My fishing buddy, C. H. Boyd, swears that a full moon the night before a fishing trip is disastrous. "They fed during the night," he says, mournfully. And yet I've heard night fishermen swear that night fishing was far better in the dark of the moon. I remember also my friend catching a 7½-pound black bass early one morning, with the full moon shining two hours high, like a bright dime in the western sky. Yet he still has a long face when there is a full moon the night before we head for the streams.

A lawyer friend of mine told me that my pet thesis that a fisherman must have confidence every cast he makes if he expects to catch fish is ridiculous. "How can a fish down there in the water tell if you have confidence or not?" he asked.

I doubt that this heretic had ever been fishing more than a time or two in his entire life. My point is that if you fish with vim and vigor, expecting to feel a hefty strike each cast, you will make more and better casts, you will hit your target more accurately, and you also will be alert to those slight underwater nudges and tap-taps that sometimes even lunker bass make when taking your lure.

Sayings passed down

As a matter of fact, practically every saying regarding fishing is more than just a superstition. Every hunch, every sign, every belief that anglers hold fast to, many of them passed down from father to son, has some basis in fact.

And one fact, without any basis in reason at all, is beware of taking your wife fishing. She will cast out, admire the beautiful scenery, listen to a cardinal singing sweetly in the top of a cottonwood, admire those pretty red or white flowers on the bank—and WHAMO! she's fast to a bass twice as big as you'll catch all day.

Fair warning: You'll never find all signs right when you go fishing. So don't wait for that perfect day. It never comes along. The best time for fishing that you'll ever find is the day when you can get off. □

story and photos
by Dolly Connelly



When you've got 96 acres, who needs an ark?

Modern-Day Noah











"A WORLD too inhospitable to support wild animals may not support man himself. We know so little about stemming the runaway course of species extinction that we may be placing ourselves on the endangered list."

Speaking was Lloyd Beebe, a modern-day Noah who maintains a 96-acre farm for the care, study and breeding of wild animals near the town of Sequim on Washington's Olympic Peninsula. For a quarter of a century, the Olympic Game Farm served as a private training center for animals that starred in motion pictures and television films. When Beebe broadened his work to wildlife conservation, he opened the farm to the public.





The farm's current animal population numbers more than 300. Great cats predominate: There are black panthers, cougars, jaguars, Siberian and Sumatran tigers, and the world's largest collection of rare clouded leopards. Roaming the fields are bison, Roosevelt elk, mountain sheep, deer and Kodiak, polar and black bears. Canada geese and whistling swans have taken up permanent residence in the farm's ponds and streams. Other animals include Arctic foxes, timber wolves, wolverines, badgers, otters and raccoons.

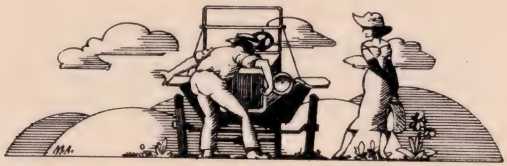
Visitors can see the animals in a variety of ways. There are guided lecture tours, a three-mile wildlife drive, a nursery and a petting compound where young animals may be fed and touched. The animals are most active in late afternoon just before feeding time.

The Olympic Game Farm is open April through October every day from 9 a.m. to 7 p.m., winter weekdays from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m., and winter weekends from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. Admission is $2 for adults, $1 for children 5 to 12 years old and free for children under 5 years old. □

With this issue FORD TIMES begins a year-long series of articles selected from past issues of the magazine—a dozen chosen from among the finest stories we have published. The series will lead to the celebration, in 1978, of the 75th anniversary of Ford Motor Company, which was founded in June, 1903.

Although FORD TIMES was established in 1908, we have chosen our anniversary series from the period following World War II, when the magazine began publication in its present form. During the past 30 years, our pages have carried hundreds of original stories by hundreds of gifted writers, some famous, some not so well-known. Among the former have been William Faulkner, E. B. White, William Saroyan and John Updike.

For the first article of this series we have chosen "A Model T Named 'IT,' " written for us by John Steinbeck, Nobel Prize winner and author of The Grapes of Wrath. *It was printed in July, 1953, as part of the issue dedicated to Ford Motor Company's 50th anniversary.*



A Model T Named "IT"

by John Steinbeck

I GUESS Model Ts would run forever, if you would let them. I was well gone in adolescence before I came by one at a price I could afford to pay—$50. It was almost as old

as I was, and it had been around a helluva lot more than I had and was probably smarter to begin with. Its gear and brake pedals were polished like silver and the oaken floorboards had deep grooves made by the heels of former owners, and they must have been legion.

There was no coil box cover on it. It was known as a touring car and it could not even remember when it had had a top. The seats were pretty well gone, but four or five gunny-sacks laid down not only kept the seat springs from corkscrewing into you, but also covered up the incontrovertible evidence that generations of chickens had roosted on the steering column. It had a lovely odor—I still remember it—a smell of oil-soaked wood and sun-baked paint, of gasoline, of exhaust gases and ozone from the coil box.

The car was not safe to drive at night, but we did it anyway. Having no battery and taking your lights from a generator, you had to go very fast to get enough light to see by, but then you were going too fast to avoid anything you saw, having no brakes.

I think I loved that car more than any I have ever had. It understood me. It had an intelligence not exactly malicious, but it did love a practical joke. It knew, for instance, exactly how long it could keep me spinning the crank and cursing it before I would start kicking its radiator in. It ran perfectly when I was in blue jeans, but let me put on my best suit and a white shirt, and maybe a girl beside me, and that car invariably broke down in the greasiest possible manner.

I never gave it a name. I called it IT.

The problem of starting the motor of the Model T was complicated. I have dealt with it in another work. But once the motor was started, you came in contact with the Model T Ford transmission, called the planetary system.

There were always emergencies in the gear box of the planetary system. Let's say you had a date, 50 cents and three quarts of gasoline. This would be the time when the high-low band wore through to the metal. Your problem then was to move the reverse band to the low-high section and get along without a reverse for the time being. The process of change was invariable. You removed the top plate and took off the bands. The metal was not only very oily, but very springy and the forks were held together by curious wedge-shaped bolts and nuts. Now, just when you had the forks pinched close and were trying to get the bolt back in place, you dropped the nut. It fell into the black oil pool beneath the assembly where no hand could reach it. So you got a piece of wire out of the back seat and bent one end of it to make a fishhook. Sometimes it took two or three hours to locate the fallen nut by the touch system, to get the hook through it and to lift it out. It was a most delicate operation and it should have developed some great safecrackers.



There were certain standard practices in the repair of the Model T. For instance, if the radiator sprung a leak, you dropped a handful of corn or oatmeal into the water. The heat of the water cooked the mush which coated the tubes and sealed the leak. Once, years later, I had a car of another make of great age and dignity. My mother was coming to visit me and I was to meet her at the railroad station. My radiator was leaking pretty badly, so, automatically, I put in a handful of oatmeal, forgetting that times had changed. You see, the Model T

circulated its water by a principle, part magic, part accident, and part physics, but this other car had a water pump—a needless and stupid innovation. This car ran so cool that it took a long time for the mush to cook. I got to the station, installed my dignified mother in the front seat and started home. Naturally there was no radiator cap; we considered such things a nuisance, since we were always losing them anyway. Suddenly there was a sloppy explosion and a Bikini mushroom of oatmeal rose into the air. Part of it splashed on the windshield, but the larger part on my mother's beflowered hat.

We drove through downtown Los Angeles erupting mush, my mother scraping it out of her eyes. I never saw so much mush. I never saw my mother so mad. It goes to show the kind of habits you got into from driving the Model T.

The attitude of girls toward IT was supercilious, but realistic. They would have preferred to go in something else, but mainly they wanted to go. I think they must have known that a swain's attention was split; he might be saying with a kind of worldliness, "I think you're pretty," but in his mind it was, "I wonder what that sound is? Lord God, has she kicked out another bearing?" A girl starting out in a Model T never knew whether love or mechanics would be the result, and if it happened to be both, well, crankcase oil looks very bad on a white dress. The Model T was as important to romance as the girl was. We never quite eliminated her.

The American restlessness took on new force. No one was satisfied with where he was; he was on his way some place else; just as soon as he got that timer adjusted. No doorbell dry cells were ever safe. And all of these things were important, but most important of all was the spiritual association of kids and motors.

When I consider how much time it took to keep IT

running, I wonder if there was time for anything else, and maybe there wasn't. The Model T was not a car as we know them now—it was a person—crotchety and mean, frolicsome and full of jokes—just when you were ready to kill yourself, it would run five miles with no gasoline whatever. I understood IT, but as I said before, IT understood me, too. It magnified some of my faults, corrected others. It worked on the sin of impatience; it destroyed the sin of vanity. And it helped to establish an almost Oriental philosophy of acceptance.

In the years I had IT, no mechanic ever touched it, no shadow of a garage ever passed over it. I do not recall any new part ever being bought for it. It's a sentimental memory with me. I know, of course, that things do not cease to exist in some form. Metal may change its composition through rust or blast furnace, but all of its atoms remain somewhere, and I have wondered sadly about IT. Maybe its essence was blasted gloriously in a bomb or a shell. Perhaps it lies humbly on the cross-ties while streamlined trains roll over it. It might be a girder of a bridge, or even something to support a tiny piece of the UN building in New York. And just perhaps, in the corner of some field, the grass and the yellow mustard may grow taller and greener than elsewhere and, if you were to dig down, you might find the red of rust under the roots, and that might be IT, enriching the soil, going home to its mother, the earth. □





MAVERICK

The family compact that puts first things first

by Michael E. Maattala

WHEN American families needed a dependable compact, what car did Ford put on wheels? Maverick. And through eight years and more than two million Mavericks, Ford has honed and refined the construction and engineering of the car to make it tough and reliable.

Maverick is big on the kind of economy a family can appreciate. Families like the way it puts first things first: low price, low scheduled maintenance and economy of operation. For example, all 1977 engines come with DuraSpark Ignition for good starting, less maintenance (no points or condenser to replace) and improved emission control.

And Maverick owners go long distances between scheduled maintenance for spark plugs, oil changes



Maverick four-door sedan

and filters. Initial oil and filter change is at 7,500 miles or six months. After that, oil changes are at 7,500-mile intervals and filter changes at 15,000-mile intervals.

As for gas mileage, Maverick received estimates of 28 miles per gallon on the Environmental Protection Agency highway cycle test and 21 miles per gallon on the city cycle test when equipped with a manual transmission and 200-CID Six engine. Your actual mileage may vary, depending on the type of driving you do, your driving habits, your car's condition and options.

Two Maverick models are available: a two-door sedan and a four-door sedan. Each comes with a fully synchronized three-speed manual transmission and the dependable 200-CID Six engine (not available in California) as standard equipment. Optional equipment available includes a 250-CID Six, a 302-CID 2V V-8 (302-CID VV in California) and SelectShift automatic transmission.

The Maverick four-door has comfortable room to spare for five adults, while the two-door model seats four. Travelers will admire Maverick's vacation-size trunk, and more space is available when you order the Space-Saver tire (at no extra cost) to replace the regular spare.

Maverick's short wheelbase and small turning circle make the car easy to park in narrow, crowded places. On errands around town, responsive steering maneuvers you easily through rush-hour traffic, while suspension refinements give you a smooth, quiet ride on long trips.

Standard functional equipment on both models includes front disc brakes, two-speed electric windshield wipers and washers, reversible keys, keyless locking and a DirectAire ventilation system.

Maverick's standard interior is comfortable and contemporary. There's a full-width bench seat with cloth-and-vinyl trim in a distinctive random-stripe pattern. The all-vinyl door-trim panels are color-keyed to the interior trim and feature integral-type armrests with door-pull assist handles. Other standard items include color-keyed cut-pile carpeting, color-keyed instrument panel with padded dash, padded sun visors and a lockable glove box.

A variety of quality extras are available for those buyers who want to personalize their Mavericks. For example, there's the optional Exterior Decor Group, which includes bodyside moldings with black vinyl inserts, bright window frames and belt moldings, bodyside accent paint stripes and full wheel covers.

An optional vinyl roof is a smart accessory to top off your Maverick. A three-quarter roof is offered on the two-door and a halo-vinyl roof on the four-door.

For buyers who want to add elegance inside, Ford offers the optional Interior Decor Group.



Maverick instrument panel maximizes driver convenience

Features of this group include deluxe color-keyed belts, a choice of deluxe cloth-and-vinyl or pleated supple vinyl trim, two-spoke steering wheel, deluxe door trim, instrument-panel woodtone appliques, rear-seat ashtray, and insulation from noise and vibration with a sound package.

Optional bucket seats that recline and adjust individually for extraordinary comfort and support are available with the Interior Decor Group or as separate equipment.

A new option for 1977 is the four-way manual driver's bucket seat. In addition to the regular fore-and-aft seat-track adjustment, the seat has an up-and-down adjustment of an inch and a half.

Several other Maverick options are designed to provide additional driving comfort and ease. Power front disc brakes give you easy, positive stopping, while power steering makes it easier to maneuver through traffic and crowded parking lots.

Optional SelectAire conditioning is a cooling, heating and dehumidifying system that helps you enjoy the climate you want during all seasons. The optional rear-window defogger clears away snow, ice and inside condensate, while tinted glass all around cuts down glare.

Maverick models pictured on these pages feature one or more of the following options: Exterior Decor Group, Deluxe Bumper Group, Protection Group, white sidewall tires, SelectAire conditioner, Interior Decor Group, bucket seats, AM radio. □

Ford Division reserves the right to discontinue or change specifications or designs at any time without notice or obligation. Some features shown or described are optional equipment items that are available at extra charge. Some options are required in combination with other options. Always consult your Ford dealer for the latest, most complete information on models, features, prices and availability.

Osawatomie

Not even Texans can top it



OSWEGO, Oskaloosa, Osawatomie, Rantoul, Pottawatomie and Kickapoo are common names in the green hills of eastern Kansas. Osawatomie (the name is a blending of the Indian tribal names "Potawatomi" and "Osage") is typical of many of these small towns, seeming sleepy and slow-paced now. But it has a bawdy, bloody history of roaring Indian fights and bitter partisan battles over the "Slave" or "Free" status of the territory in the edgy days before the Civil War.

Osawatomie itself was an abolitionist stronghold in the center of the slavery turmoil. It was at one time the home of John Brown, whose body, according to the Civil War marching song, "lies a-mouldring in the grave, his soul goes marching on." It was near here, at the Pottawatomie Creek massacre, that "Old Brown" hacked out a trail of revenge for proslavery murders

so brutal and terrifying that the whole countryside shuddered.

But the hillsides seem peaceful on this day. A soft haze gently washes the fields of ripe grain. The muted whistle of a train sounds through the valleys, while placid cows doze or eat, and leave matted cradles in the long-stemmed blowing grasses where they sleep.

And in town, too, all seems quiet and well-ordered. There are the wind-buffed houses, with their friendly shade trees, packaged in picket fences. On Main Street, folks still park their cars at an angle to the curb. It's a calm and comfortable town. The John Brown Memorial at 9th and Main, and the Brown family's preserved cabin across the street in John Brown Park, are the only reminders of fierce and terrifying times, as though nothing of such impact had happened here since.

It is difficult for the outsider to

by R. Scott Roberts
illustrations by Joan Solmes





know, but for the 4,000 residents of Osawatomie, and for their neighbors in the surrounding towns and countryside, there have been hundreds of other, unpublicized battles, courageously waged and won. There have been battles against the wind, which bullies its way across the wide plains with nothing to stop it. In the spring it is constant, nagging and buffeting, breaking down patience and sabotaging movement. In the later summer, it can lie hidden, paused on a calm horizon, then blast black and mean from an eerie green sky. It twists and rips the earth and tosses men and dwellings like confetti. And in the winter the moisture-laden wind slashes the cheeks, penetrates the clothing, brings water to the eyes.

So universally known is the wind, that folktales have grown up around it. It is said to blow the duck feathers onto the chickens and the chicken feathers onto the ducks. It is said that an unfortunate dog once barked unknowingly at a twister, and the blast of air that entered his mouth turned him inside out.

There have been battles against the sun and rain. The sun is huge and fierce, burning from the wide-open sky, drying the rivers and streams and cracking the earth. It is so hot that Colonel J. W. F. Hughes, who lives 50 miles northwest of Osawatomie in Topeka, made a practice for many years of frying eggs on the Topeka streetcar rails in front of his office.

Rain comes in torrents

And when the rain comes, it comes in torrents, through holes ripped in the sky by lightning. Elizabeth Custer wrote to her husband from the Kansas frontier: "There is no describing lightning on the plains. While a storm lasts, there seems to be an incessant glare . . . the heavens seem to shower down fire upon the earth, and in one minute and a half we counted 25 distinct peals of thunder."

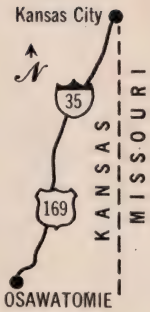
My grandmother remembers the days when this rough terrain produced grasshoppers "large as mules" that moved in clouds devouring the crops. And farmers say that in a good year the wheat grows so high and strong the birds build their

nests in it. And one story is told of Lem Blanchard, who scaled a sturdy cornstalk to overlook his field and was terrified to find that the stalk was growing upward faster than he could make it down. Friends who found Lem there later mercifully shot him dead to keep him from starving to death.

Lest you think this is all too much of folktale, and not enough of truth, let me tell you about something that really happened just last spring. It had been sprinkling lightly since early morning, and it seemed that our picnic was doomed to be just one of many that had fallen victim to the perverse Kansas weather. About midday, though, the rain ceased and although the skies remained overcast we planned an excursion to the lower pond, and piled bravely into the pickup truck. It wasn't long before we were adrift on a Tom Sawyer-like raft thoroughly enjoying the sweet fragrance of the newly watered earth.

The sky blackened

We should have known we were in for the worst when the sky began to blacken, but we didn't pay any attention. The wind came up abruptly, though, and when we saw the Sanders' big-eared spaniel come sailing over the hill, air-lifted by his ears, we took it as a bad omen. We would have got off that pond right then, but at that moment the skies just opened up, and we were immobilized. Drops as large as those Kansas hedgeapples pelted us, and the water level was rising so fast our ears were popping. The only thing that saved us further discomfort was that as soon as the water was high enough, our host lifted me to his shoulders and I pushed the clouds away. It took two days for the water-soaked earth to absorb enough to let us down.



Of course the vegetation had grown ferociously with all that moisture, and as we walked back through the woods, the tallest trees were catching fire in the new sunlight. More frightening than that, though, was crossing the field—where the mud was so strong it sucked the shoes right off our feet as we ran wildly for the house. Many said later it was a lucky thing we were so quick, or we could have lost some toes.

Surely it takes a special breed of people to surmount such perils, to stand up to the wind and rain and bear the loneliness of the vast stretch of earth and sky. There is still a movement of the young away to the big cities, as there has been from many small farm towns. But there also is a tiny unobtrusive migration of people from the cities back to the farmhouses around Osawatomie. □



↑1 ↑2



↓3

VAN CONVERSION OF THE MONTH

READER response to the FORD TIMES Van Conversion Photo Contest was so great that we decided





↑4 ↓5

to finish with a flourish. Instead of honoring a single van in this, the final month, we've put six in the winner's spotlight. The owners of June's winning entries are: (1) Thomas Braun, Jackson, Michigan; (2) Oscar Carlson, Enumclaw, Washington; (3) Jerry Vineyard, Long Beach, California; (4) L. R. Shinholt, Anderson, Indiana; (5) Erwin Berry, Frankston, Texas; (6) Timothy Clift, Lyle, Washington □



↓6





New Contest for **Cruising Van Owners**

THERE'S MORE to truckin' than factory equipment and options—even when you're the owner of a Ford Cruising Van, the industry's first factory-produced and factory-warranted customized van. FORD TIMES has heard about the imaginative work being done on Cruising Vans and wants to share examples of this with its readers.

If you've added a personal touch to your Cruising Van and feel it's worth showing off, send us a color photo or slide of your vehicle. We will award a top-of-the-line, 40-channel Kraco citizen's band radio to each month's winner. The suggested retail price of the CB unit is $219.95. The contest will run six months, starting with our July, 1977, issue.

Photos should show exteriors and interiors and will be judged on their suitability for FORD TIMES as well as the imagination, originality and ingenuity of the conversion. FORD TIMES is particularly interested in seeing how owners have customized the interiors of their Cruising Vans. Please do not include people in the pictures. Persons submitting pictures must own the photographed vehicle wholly or in part. All photographs used become the property of Ford Motor Company. Entries will not be acknowledged or returned unless accompanied by postage.

Send entries to:
Ford Cruising Van Conversions
Ford Motor Company
Room 332
3000 Schaefer Road
Dearborn, Michigan 48121 □

Many of the items shown on winning vans on pages 40-41 are available through establishments not connected with Ford Motor Company. The availability, price, quality and durability of these items rest solely with their manufacturers and sales organizations.

THE MEN

A TEACHER, Norman Edelman, tells this story. Edelman goes to Clam Gulch, Alaska, every summer, getting as far away from his classroom as he can. He comes back every fall refreshed in spirit, his engine perfectly tuned for another academic year.

Edelman and an Alaskan friend, Ray LaFreniere, hungered for king clams the size of dinner plates one day, and they set off from Clam Gulch for a lonely beach to dig. They put out from a busy harbor where many boats were docked and many people were about, but once



The Men, The Swan and The Lamb

by Al Stark
paintings by Max Altekruse

they rounded a point of land they seemed utterly and perfectly alone.

Then, 10 yards from their boat, up from the water popped a young seal. He'd bark, then dive, then pop up again on the other side of the boat. First here, then there. He'd bark and Edelman and LaFreniere would make noises back.

The seal was tickled pink. He had found someone to play with.

He followed the boat to the beach, waddling up on the sand with Edelman and LaFreniere. They'd dig and he'd poke his nose into the hole. When they found a clam, he'd flip all over the beach in excitement. When they sat down to rest, he lay close, watching them and panting, waiting for this game to start again.

When the clam box was full, Edelman and LaFreniere pushed the boat off the beach and started for the point again, the seal swimming alongside them. They didn't want it to follow them now. They knew that if it came with them around the point where the people were, the boys on the dock would throw stones at it, perhaps hurt and kill it. So they shouted at the seal, but it wouldn't go away. They speeded up their boat, but the seal simply swam faster.

They stopped the motor and sat there, not knowing how to tell their friend the game was over.

Then they had an idea. They started the motor again and turned back to the beach, the seal following. They pulled the boat up on shore again and started across the beach on foot. Way back they went, up the incline to solid ground, with the seal, who couldn't move so well on dry sand, struggling to keep up.

They had the seal a long way from water when Edelman shouted, "Now!" and he and LaFreniere made a mad dash for the boat. They weren't all that good at running on sand, either, but they left the seal far behind. The men jumped into the boat, started the engine and raced for the point.

The seal, who must have been disappointed, could no longer see them by the time he got to the water, so he stayed behind. Safe.

THE SWAN

The male swan is a terribly showy knight, almost embarrassing to watch. But when the chips are down, you can count on him.

I met my first swan one morning in May when my wife and I floated down Michigan's Platte River in a flat-bottom boat. The Platte, halfway between Detroit and Lake Michigan, widens into a small lake, and in the marsh where the river and lake meet, we saw a stunningly beautiful female swan sitting atop a nest. The nest was made of mud and twigs, and it was built up in a mound. She sat as if the nest were a throne and she were used to one.

We let our boat drift into the opposite bank, and Susan was fitting the telephoto lens to the camera when the male caught sight of us.



And here he came, protector of women and children, guardian of the nest, showoff.

He flew at us low over the water, his huge wings making a dreadful noise, his neck stiffened for battle. He hit the water with a great splash about 10 yards from the boat, then he swam up and down looking very stern.

He swam towards the female now and then, to make sure she knew he was doing all this good protecting. Then he'd come at us



again. All across the lake he followed us, until finally a canoe appeared and he left us to do battle with it.

I was told about the next swan.

His lady had made her nest near the pond that forms the famous water hazard on Oakland Hills Country Club's 16th hole, north of Detroit. She was sitting and he was guarding one day when three tractors pulling the big mowers that are used on the golf course came over the hill, headed for the tall grass where the nest was.

The tractors were going to turn before they got anywhere near the nest, but the swan didn't know that and as they rumbled closer and closer he went into action. He walked out of the tall grass, lowered his neck into a lance and started toward the lead tractor.

Faster and faster he went, until he was more flying than running, and he lunged into the tractor just as the driver turned the engine off.

The swan went under the tractor, missing the mowers, and he didn't appear to be hurt. He got to his feet, shook himself, then walked slowly back toward the pond, the tractors no longer a threat, a good job done.

He let himself into the water and swam with great dignity to the center of the pond. Then he fell over on his side and was dead.

THE LAMB

I had lunch at the Butcher's Inn at Detroit's Eastern Market the day the lamb was born at the slaughterhouse.

Eastern Market is a wonderful bit of the country in the middle of the city. Real farmers bring their harvest there, and city people by the hundreds flock to touch and buy. The Butcher's Inn, about a block from the farmers' stalls, is a comfortable old place where both city and country come as they are, in suits with vests or coveralls flecked with clay.

What happened that morning is that a ewe was being prodded down a ramp from a farmer's truck to Feldman Brothers packers when all of a sudden she gave a mighty grunt, sat down where she was and there was the lamb.

The skinners from Feldman Brothers got all excited and ran across the street to the Butcher's

Inn with the news, and when I got there, Renee, one of the waitresses, took off her apron and said, "C'mon, c'mon, you can eat later. You have to see this little thing." So across the street we hurried, through Feldman's office and into a cold room where the carcasses of skinned sheep swung from hooks.

The lamb was in a corner of the room, on a little nest of cloths, and a lot of skinners in long coats and hard hats hovered around, trying to think of something to do for it. Skinners do grisly work, but they are not bad guys.

The ewe, who was going to get a reprieve of only a few days out of all this, lay near the lamb, but she didn't look all that interested. The lamb shivered a lot, and it looked scared.

Renee picked it up and held it close, and it seemed to settle down a little. But then everybody closed in on them to try to get a pat and it got that frightened look again, so Renee put it down and covered it up.

"Smell my hands," Renee said as we walked back to the restaurant, and she held them up.

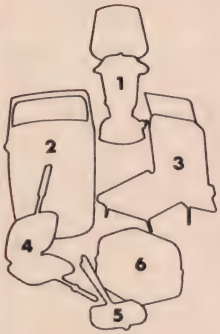
E. B. White, the best American writer on lambs, says his first one had "a lovely aromatic newness—the dung in its fleece warmed by the kitchen heat gave it a heavenly intensity quite in keeping with its Biblical connotation." Renee's hands smelled like that, and she had a funny look on her face.

For several days, market people went in and out of Feldman's and the Butcher's Inn asking "How's the lamb?" Everybody seemed satisfied when one of the skinners, who had a big backyard and a little girl, took it home to raise. But two days later everybody worried when he reported that the lamb wasn't eating.

Then he burst into the Butcher's Inn one morning with a big smile. The lamb, he said, was eating with gusto and was following his daughter wherever she went. □







Taking the "Rough" Out of Roughing It

by Nancy Kennedy
photos by Don Rockhey



A LONG TIME ago the law was repealed that said that all campers had to be rugged, spartan outdoorsmen who scorned warm water, stoves, lights or other conveniences. A new light-hearted breed of campers took to the woods in their Ford Econolines, pickup campers and trailers and brought many of the creature comforts of home with them. The scenery is just as dazzling, the air just as fresh even when the watts are brought to the woods. Many of the new recreation vehicles have hot water, heaters, lights and full-size refrigerators. And most campgrounds provide hookups for electricity. So on their annual tour of the Chicago Housewares Show, FORD TIMES'

editors picked out a collection of new items which can make life in the woods—or on the patio—more fun and certainly more comfortable. Most of the items are available at department or hardware stores.

(1) Coleman Lantern (Model 275) has an Easy-Lite Valve to take the guesswork out of outdoor lighting. A long-life generator tip is cleaned automatically, every time it is lighted. Also new is the striped frosted globe which spreads an even circle of soft light. Operating instructions are printed on the lantern collar. Gives up to eight hours of brilliant light using Coleman Fuel. Coleman Company, Inc., Wichita, Kansas 67201.

(2) The Roundabout has unique styling in tough, lightweight high-density polyethylene. Leather-grained exterior resists chips and scratches—won't fade or corrode. Model 5530, shown, has a four-gallon capacity. It doubles as a cooler and a jug with a faucet. There is a removable food tray. Coleman Company.

(3) Son of Hibachi, a double portable barbecue grill. The legs become carrying handles when it is folded up. Starts burning charcoal quickly because fuel is contained in a vertical position with drafts at the bottom and top. Flames create a blast furnace effect. Unit is self-extinguishing, cutting air off from the hot coals and conserving charcoal. Son of Hibachi, P. O. Box 13520, Portland, Oregon 97213.

(4 & 5) Both of these handy grills are made of durable cast aluminum with Bakelite handles. Can be used over a regular stove or on a campfire. No. 4 is a steak grill which can be used for grill cooking either open or closed. No. 5 is a double snack grille which can make two grilled sandwiches at one time. Reco International Corporation, 138 Haven Avenue, Port Washington, New York 11050.

(6) Humper Electric Car Console . . . a hot or cold drink dispenser designed to fit snugly on the transmission hump on the floor of a car. Adjustable legs with moulded cleats allow it to stay in position with no slipping. Keeps hot liquids at a steady 168° temperature. Simply plug it into the cigarette-lighter receptacle. For cold drinks, just don't plug in. Holds a full gallon of liquid and has a self-dispensing non-drip spout. Four recessed cup-holders on the top surface. Protect-O-Lite Manufacturing Company, P. O. Box 378, Ottawa, Kansas 66067.

(7) West Bend Quick Drip (Fast 'n Fresh) automatic coffee maker quickly makes two to eight cups of coffee which can then be kept hot. Has a permanent polyester filter so no paper filters are needed. Coffee can be made with or without filter.

West Bend Company, West Bend, Wisconsin 53095.

(8) Rival Crock-Plate Stoneware Cooker—a variation on the slow pot cooker. This one is a square shape with a high-domed lid. It's ideal for roasting beef with vegetables or a whole chicken. Rival Manufacturing Company, Kansas City, Missouri 64129.

(9) Presto Tilt 'n Store is a compact, portable cooking unit for the patio, cabin or recreation vehicle. Entire unit tilts up for compact storage. Heat control for wide range of cooking temperatures. Once heat is set, proper temperature is maintained, automatically. National Presto Industries, Eau Claire, Wisconsin 54701.

(10) Rival Five-Quart Crock-Pot has a removable stoneware casserole. In a large family size, this has all of the convenience, old-time flavor, nutrition and economy of simmering in stoneware. Plug it in in the morning and when the crowd returns to camp, dinner can be served immediately.

(11) Presto Burger is a hamburger cooker that broils an extra juicy hamburger fast. Ready in minutes with no splatter or mess. Cooking tray and drip pan immerse in water.

(12) "Fry Baby" is a mini deep fryer for small quantities and spaces. Great for small servings of French fried potatoes, onion rings or shrimp. Uses only two cups of cooking oil and the snap-on lid lets you store oil in the fryer. Presto.

(13) Creative Entertainer Collection, a great three-in-one appliance which can be used as a fondue pot, a chafing dish or food warmer and a skillet for versatile everyday cooking. General Electric Company, Bridgeport, Connecticut 06602.

(14) Super Pro G.E. Pistol Hair Dryer is a great item for the whole family. Has four heat and two air-speed settings for six comfort combinations. Plus five curling, drying, styling attachments. There is a stand which holds the dryer while blow drying, leaving hands free to brush and style hair.

(15) Portable Mixer takes very little space and is perfect for the limited area in a recreation vehicle. There is a slot for wall mounting. This one has an extra power feature which gives instant extra power and speed to help mix difficult heavy batters. Push button forward and motor zooms to maximum power. Release button for instant return to previously set mixing speed. General Electric. □

Editor's Note: While we're happy to provide information about these new leisure-time products, Ford Motor Company neither endorses these products nor backs up any claim made by the various manufacturers.



Favorite Recipes

FROM FAMOUS RESTAURANTS

BY NANCY KENNEDY



painting by Gil DiCicco

THE RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

On Chicago's fashionable near north side at the Water Tower Place, a block-square commercial-retail-residential complex, this elegant hotel and its dining rooms carry on a proud culinary tradition. The original chef of the Paris Ritz was Auguste Escoffier and many of his original recipes are used in The Dining Room of this year-old hotel. Lunch is served from noon to 2:30, dinner from 6 to 11:30. Reservations necessary. The address is 160 East Pearson Street.

Crêpes a la Ritz

Make your favorite crêpes (enough to serve 10) and flavor with grated orange rind and Grand Marnier.

Pastry Cream: Blend together 6 eggs, 4 tablespoons flour and 1 cup of sugar until mixture is creamy. Bring 2 cups of milk to the boiling point with 2 drops of almond extract and 2 drops of vanilla. Pour hot milk over egg mixture, stirring well. When milk is blended, pour back into pan and bring to a gentle boiling point, stirring constantly. Cook for 5 minutes. Cool in refrigerator in a flat pan. When cream is cold, blend with two 8-ounce cans of almond filling paste. Fill crêpes with this mixture and fold. Top with chocolate sauce (below).

Chocolate Sauce: Bring 4 ounces simple sugar syrup and 4 ounces whipping cream to boiling point. Crumble 8 ounces sweet baking chocolate and 8 ounces bitter chocolate into small pieces in the top of a double boiler and let melt over hot water. Place filled crêpes on a buttered serving platter and heat in a 350° oven for 10 minutes. Flame with hot cognac. Stir hot chocolate sauce and pour over crêpes. Garnish with toasted, sliced almonds.

LAGOON DINING ROOM LIHUE, HAWAII

The dining room at Coco Palms Resort, on the Hawaiian island of Kauai, is open on three sides and presents a beautiful view of palm-thatched guest cottages across a lagoon filled with water lilies. Breakfast, lunch and dinner served daily; complete resort facilities. Reservations necessary for meals and for overnight accommodations. Mrs. Grace Guslander, a noted authority on Hawaiian food and customs, is the manager.

painting by Larry McManus

Banana Pudding

1 cup ripe banana, mashed
1½ cups coconut milk
½ cup sugar
6 level tablespoons cornstarch
2 tablespoons butter

Mix mashed bananas with rest of ingredients, except butter. Pour into a greased 8- x 8-inch pan and dot with butter. Cover with foil and bake in a pan of water at 375° for 45 minutes or until firm. Chill. Serves 12.



painting by Wilfrid Duehren

THE JACKS' DEER CREEK PLAZA
NEVADA CITY, CALIFORNIA

Jack Beggs and Jack Wentz bought and restored this historic 115-year-old building, which has five interesting dining rooms and one outdoor dining deck. In northern California, it is 63 miles north of Sacramento and an hour's drive from Lake Tahoe. Lunch is served from 11:30 to 2, Monday through Friday; dinner is served Monday through Saturday from 6 to 9. Reservations advisable. Closed on Sunday and from December 21 through 26. The address is 101 Broad Street. Take State Highway 49 from I-80.

Cream of Avocado Soup

Melt ¼ cup of butter, stir in 2 tablespoons of flour. Make a smooth paste and heat over low fire, slowly add 2 quarts of rich, seasoned chicken stock and stir until mixture is smooth and thick. In a blender purée 4 ripe, peeled avocados with 1 cup of milk. Season with salt, pepper and a dash of curry powder. Add avocado to chicken stock and let simmer for 10 minutes. Chill. Serves 8.

MAISON de MASHBURN
HAMMOND, LOUISIANA

Surrounded by 18 acres of landscaped gardens, this fine dining spot, which features New Orleans cuisine, is in a farmhouse built in 1907. On U.S. 190 East, it is three miles from Hammond, and is an hour's drive from New Orleans. Dinner served every day, except Monday, Christmas and New Year's Day and July 4. Lunch on Sunday only. Reservations advisable. The Donald Mashburn family owns and operates this delightful place.

Trout with Crayfish Sauce

Poach six 8-ounce filets of trout in 2 quarts of water, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon white wine and 2 tablespoons Season-all, 2 bay leaves and a pinch of tarragon.

Crayfish Sauce

1 pound cooked crayfish tails (or lobster tails), bite-size pieces
¼ pound butter
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
1 tablespoon flour
2 cups half and half
2 tablespoons cream sherry

Sauté parsley in melted butter, till soft, then add flour, stirring until lumps are out. Add half and half, stir over heat until thick, then add sherry and crayfish pieces. Place poached trout on plates and pour sauce on each portion. Serves 6.

Broccoli Hollandaise

Boil 24 spears of broccoli until tender in slightly salted water, with lemon juice, butter and pepper. In a double boiler mix 6 egg yolks, 6 teaspoons lemon juice and ¼ pound of butter, stir with wooden spoon until thick or to desired thickness. Place 4 spears of broccoli on each plate and pour sauce over them. Serves 6.

painting by Linda Boston


AT



THE BEACH

Assorted observations at islands off the coast of Georgia

by Mary Augusta Rodgers
paintings by Robert Bragg

AT DAWN, the beach is smooth and empty, the color of a pearl. Waves break and sink in foamy scallops on the sand. A breeze moves over the choppy blue-gray water. A pelican dives for a fish. The sky is streaked with rosy clouds. Stand with your back to the buildings and look at the sand, sea and sky and it's the New World again, the way it must have looked to Sir Francis Drake when he first saw the coast from the deck of his ship, the *Golden Hind*.

The first people appear on the beach before seven. A man out jogging. Two women looking for sea shells. A boy taking his dog for a run. It's spring and the water is too cold for early morning swimmers. They go out at noon and less serious swimmers stay in the pool.

By 10, the beach chairs are out, the umbrellas up, and the sunbathers are settling into place. Some fall face down, as though shot, and remain motionless. Others anoint themselves with oil. A honeymooning couple makes quite a production of this, rubbing each other's backs and beaming. Eyes are protected with dark glasses, noses with a heavy salve that looks like white paint, and there is discussion of other methods:

"Karen never puts *anything* on her face but homemade mayonnaise."

"So that's why she smells like a salad."

Some of the sunbathers bring newspapers, books, radios. A group of women who sit together under umbrellas and watch their children bring enough equipment to set up light housekeeping. They write notes, manicure their nails, do needlepoint.

"I know it's incredible, but she told me so herself. She's addressing her Christmas cards."

A baby toddles toward the water and stands there, stomach out, challenging the waves. He wears a bathing suit that says ME WET? YOU BET! Children dig in the sand and build sand castles.

The sky is clear and bright, the sun glitters on a postcard-blue sea. Swimmers wade out into the water. Four college students are throwing a frisbee around—an impromptu ballet of lithe young bodies in bikinis and cut-off blue jeans. Red and yellow kites bob high above the rustling palms. A young boy on a skate board swoops down a concrete ramp, as graceful as a sea gull.

Talk turns to lunch

One o'clock and the sunbathers start talking about lunch. There are hamburgers at the snack bar near the pool, and an elaborate buffet set out under a canopy on the terrace. Black birds, identified by a bird watcher as boat-tailed grackles, move nearer, looking for crumbs.

"Oh, why not try the chess pie? You can diet when you get home."

The air is still and hot and the sunlight reflects fiercely from the white sand and the water, blue-



green now and as smooth as glass. Most of the sunbathers retreat indoors for naps in the shuttered shade. A bridge game is in progress under a tilted umbrella; sounds of shuffled cards and the tinkle of ice. A college girl wearing a big hat and a very brief black bathing suit searches the beach for her sunglasses; they are found under a chair by a man in the next chair who has been reading *The Wall Street Journal.* The girl sits down and a conversation begins slowly and picks up speed. Then a blond kid appears, he's 10 years old, but tall for his age. "Daddy," he reports, "the baby's asleep and Mom wants the calomine lotion and her magazine."

The girl stands up and puts on her dark glasses. "Well, thanks again," she says and walks away.

The boy asks who the lady is and his father laughs. "Don't worry, Mac, she's too old for you." And they go off together.

Some of the sunbathers drift back in the afternoon but others are out fishing or playing golf or on the tennis courts. The honeymoon couple take pictures of each other, splashing at the water's edge.

A breeze ruffles the water and the shadows lengthen. The small children leave first, with their pails and shovels and beach balls, herded on by their mothers. Then the older children wander away. "Did I hear someone say something about a gin and tonic?" a sunbather asks, shaking out his beach towel. The joggers reappear when the beach is nearly empty. A resort employe furls the umbrellas, stacks the chairs, and picks up empty cigarette packages and crumpled paper cups. The last swimmer climbs from the pool and leaves a trail of wet footprints on the path to the

dressing room. Suddenly there are shouts and splashing—and a glorious moment when four girls on horseback gallop through the surf in a shower of water gilded by the setting sun.

"Someone ought to take a picture of that."

"Someone has. Look at the postcard rack in the lobby."

Seven o'clock, and the doors open in the dining room. It is almost dark, and the beach is deserted. A woman who was collecting shells and lost track of the time finds it difficult to get back to the road; all the doors of the beach club are shut tight, and there are more fences and locked gates than she remembered. "Why do they have to lock up the *ocean?*" she says aloud. And somewhere the ghost of Blackbeard chuckles.

The islands have been blockaded, bombarded, swept bare by storms and hurricanes. German submarines hid in the coastal waters during World War II and there were stories—never proved—of secret landings, shrouded in fog, and enemy uniforms found among the marsh grasses.

The islands lie off the southern coast of Georgia—Sea Island and St. Simons. Once there were Indian mounds here among the marsh grasses, the ruins of a Spanish fort, and the graves of English soldiers. There have been stories of buried treasure since the days of pirate raids along the coast; Blackbeard claimed that only he and the devil knew where his hoard was, and the last one alive would take it all. An ancient oak marks the place where John Wesley preached to the "murderous, gluttonous Indians," as he described them.

Only foundation stones and crude bricks remain of a great plantation house where Aaron Burr found refuge as an honored guest after his duel with Alexander Hamilton.

Known as vacation area

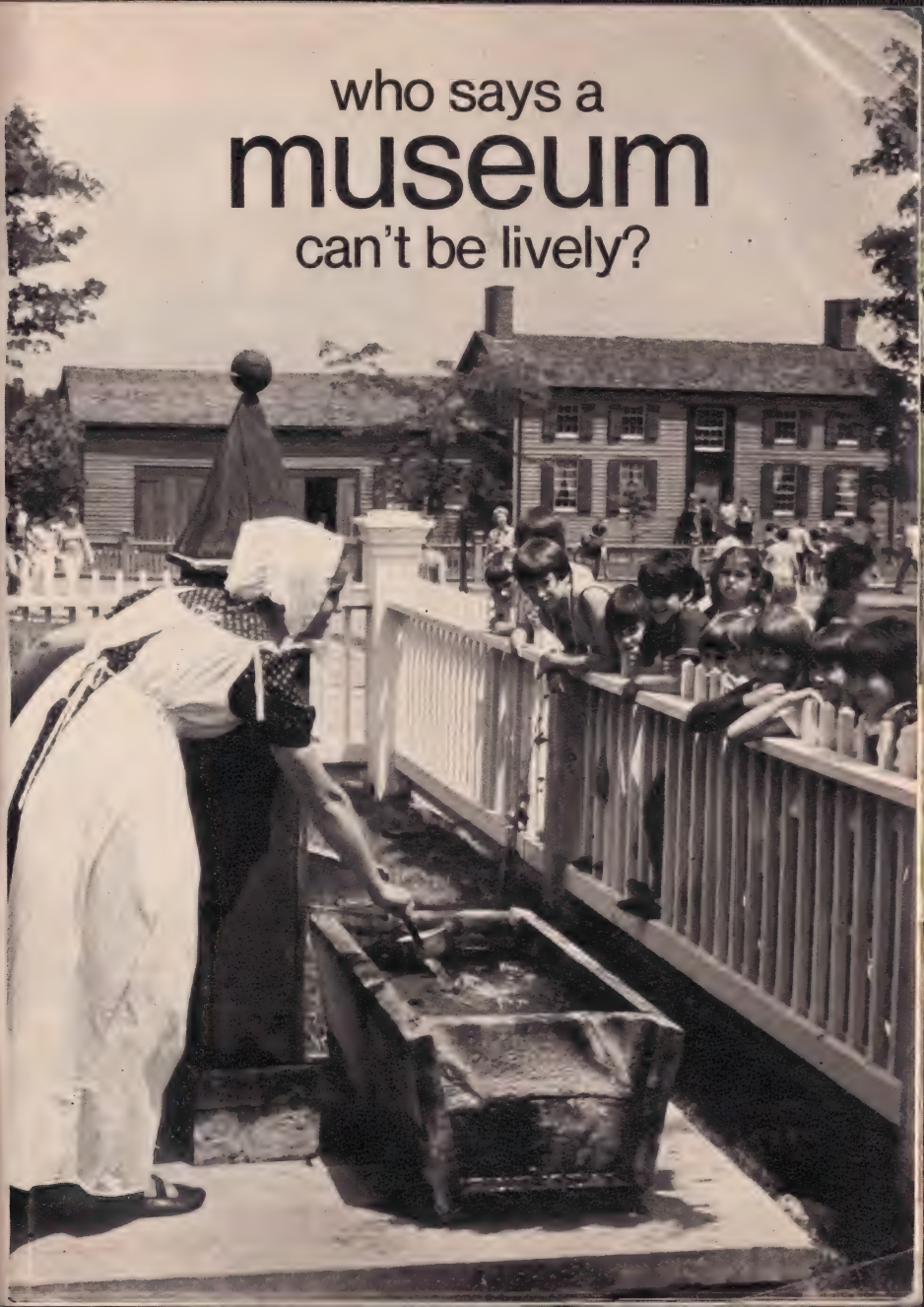
The islands have been a vacation area for many years now. There's a well-known resort; low stucco buildings of Spanish design, neat beds of brilliant tropic flowers, winding roads, a golf course, tennis courts, every kind of sport from deep sea fishing to trap shooting and lawn bowling and croquet. A beach club faces the sea with terraces, cabanas and a pool.

A couple comes back to the beach at midnight. They walk barefoot on the damp sand, holding hands.

"My Dad was here during the war. He said U-boats were all over then. When an oil tanker was hit, the fires would burn all night and light up the sky."

"Well, it sure looks peaceful now."

Palms rustle in the wind. Moonlight makes a path along the dark, rolling water. Tomorrow it will be the New World again, in the dawn of another day. □


who says a
museum
can't be lively?

by Stephen Hammer
photos by Doris Barker

"WE MADE most of the furniture, tools and utensils that you see from what we found here in the forest," our hostess said proudly. "All we brought was what we could fit into a two-horse wagon."

She was a pretty young woman in homespun, standing barefoot on the dirt floor of the snug log cabin. A smoldering log on the open hearth sent smoke through the roof hole—there was no chimney.

This was no ordinary museum guide. She was convincing enough to create the feeling that we, with our camera and sunglasses, were the anachronism.

It's an illusive atmosphere, wrought largely by a staff that blends itself enthusiastically into the trappings of the new Genesee Country Museum, 20 miles southwest of Rochester, New York. The trappings are more than 30 structures built in the first half of the 19th century, assembled around a village green and restored on 125 acres near Mumford, New York.

The Genesee Country Museum opened in the summer of 1976. It's the creation of John L. Wehle, chairman of the board of the Genesee Brewing Co., Inc., and a man with a bent for the history of America's growing years. Although the village is the main attraction, a first-rate Gallery of Sporting Art,





Wehle's personal collection, is no mere sideshow. It houses more than 200 paintings, prints and statuary pieces, many by leading masters of the 19th and 20th centuries such as Remington, Russell and Audubon.

The gallery reflects the changing role of animals in man's world—first as prey, then as servant, finally as companion. Each of the eight halls serves to illustrate a specific aspect of wild and domestic animal life in the American West, Britain, France and Africa. Two hours is not too much time to allow for the gallery alone.

It takes at least half a day for leisurely enjoyment of the entire museum—even a full day's stay leaves little chance for tedium. Take a picnic. There are lots of tables on the green, but they lack shade, a minus factor on a hot day. If you prefer, you can buy and eat a light lunch in a converted railway depot that was built in 1841.

Just as the works of art in the gallery are all originals, so are the buildings around the village green. Each was hauled in from where it was built 125 to 175 years ago, some as far as 50 miles. A cobblestone blacksmith's shop was dismantled rock by rock at its original site in Elba, New York, and reassembled at its new location.

The structures—some purchased, some donated—were selected for authenticity, soundness and variety of purpose. About a third of them are homes, ranging from the pioneer cabin to a Greek Revival mansion. There also are an inn, two churches, a post office, a highway tollhouse, a cooper's shop, a brew house, a print shop, a "female seminary" and, of course, a one-room schoolhouse. Others are retail shops and professional offices common in the early days of the republic.

The facilities are what you might have found in a typical small community in the American East before the gaslight era, with real craftsmen actually at work. The blacksmith is forging iron, a housewife churns butter, another grinds corn, still another weaves, a parson pulls the bell rope, a cooper makes barrels and—appropriately next door—beer is made in the old-fashioned way. There are chickens in the yards, and cows, pigs and goats are just beyond the fence.

It took a decade to create the museum. In 1966, Wehle set aside one of his farms near Mumford for the purpose. The interim was devoted to finding and restoring the right buildings and authentic period furniture and equipment.

The re-created village is meant as a monument to the vast contribution of the common man to America's growth to greatness. Other museums tend to stress the stellar moments of discovery, achievement and heroism. This one seeks to highlight the significance of those who were building in the shadows of great events.

If numbers count, the museum

seems to fill a need for traveling Americans. Despite its rustic location and relatively little promotion, it attracted some 64,000 paying visitors in its first five-month season. Admission is $4 for adults and $1.50 for children more than 6 years old, with special rates for groups. It is a nonprofit enterprise run by a foundation, with deficits borne by Wehle and other supporters of the museum.

It's on a country road a mile from the village of Mumford. The approaches from major highways are well-marked with special signs, and any gas station attendant within 10 miles will head you in the right direction. For long-distance travelers, the most convenient jumping-off point is a cluster of motels on U.S. Highway 15 south of Rochester near the Thruway.

Some of the real villages en route to the museum, notably Scottsville, have well-preserved gems of Federal and Victorian architecture to whet your appetite for the feast of Americana you'll find at your destination. □





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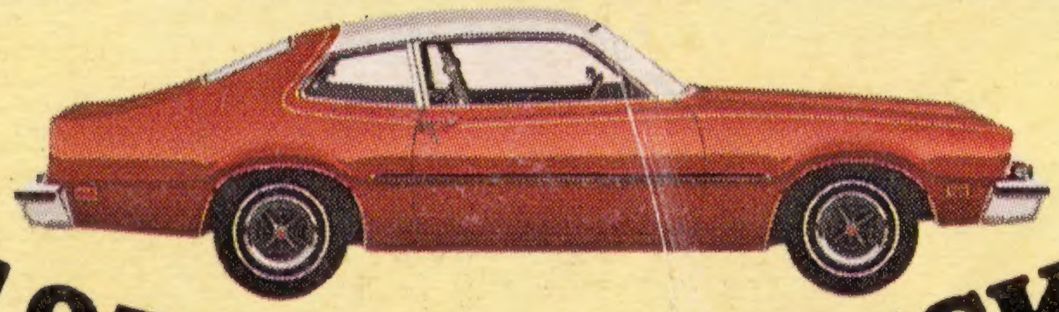
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